

<https://fallen-fruit.blogspot.com>

I Think All My Fruit Has Fallen

SUNDAY, MAY 3, 2009

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...did I ever mention one of the very first visions I had after the brain infection? Or, rather, while it was going on. Like maybe the first month I was out at my mom's, barely off the depakote, staring into space and wondering what on earth was happening. I saw this~ a beautiful fig tree, laden with HUGE golden ripe fat juicy figs, they were so ripe and ready they were making the branches droop. Then a strong wind came to shake the tree and I knew all the figs were about to be blown right off. The location of the fig tree in the vision was right outside my mom's apartment, in the corner of the building, protected. Only one side was exposed to the strong wind. Well trees don't have sides but you know what I mean. The fig tree was about to be blown but it was safe at the same time. God was showing me what He was about to do with me. Did you like my fruit? Did any of it fall on your head? I hope so.

Here's what I made myself do last night. I wasn't brave enough to stick it on my island but after a few cups of tea this morning I decided to do it. Here's the other needle in my haystack.

<https://about-joe.blogspot.com/>

(the other needle is this one of course)

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_N0oWN7Mgt0

I'm sort of confused right now.

But at the same time I feel another burden lifted out of me. Why am I rigged to feel better when I purge myself of my bad memories? Isn't that a selfish thing to do? Technically I am dumping my stuff on the world and it's like, ok, you deal with it now.

I know that's not the way it really works but that's what I tell myself.